Build Up Thin Boy Urges Dr. McKeever

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER,

Professor in the University of Kansas and a Famous Educator. A spindle-si. "ks thin-blooded, pale 13-year-old boy; a "bean-pole," 5 feet a weighing only 95, and growing at the rate of an inch per mouth.

Parents, much alarmed, take the boy out of school, travel about hunting special medicine for a cure, expecting some one thing to work like magic; and then, in despair, threatening to move far away to a climate that will restore the child's health.

Boy, thus placed in a sick atmos ophers, believes he is very weak and plant; of milk a half an bour or more will probably die, werried about it all, later a small amount of meat or meat and curies up, feeling "all in".

I have described an actual case, the I have described an actual case, the like of which there are thousands in this country, and so will offer a general and another good orange before almole outline of remeats.

like of which there are ibensands in this country, and so will offer a general almple outline of remeds.

The first thing for the methor to know is that the case is not necessarily at all serious, and to quit worrying and the second is to go to work on some simple methods, mostly home remedies.

Send this boy back to school at once, and thus relieve his worry about that matter. Let him study, but without cutra strain. Have him play freely out of doors, take a fair amount of physical exercise, sleep by an apen window, and, for the present stay in bed aloust 10 hours. He lacks red-blood corpuscles—a very commen situation for a boy while growing so fast—is necessarily lazy and languid, does not feel as if he was getting enough breath, and looks dejected.

Now, go after a proper and balanced dict, a matter which may require for a brief time some trial and testing. Try the following: A good orange at once on arising: a breakfast food with

For the Table

Orange Cocktail—Ream out the juice of four oranges and then strain and add one-half cup of cold water, one-half cup of finely chopped ice. Serve

Woman Proposes BY HELEN ROWLAND.

The question is no longer "Shall a woman propose?" but "How shall a woman propose?"

The women of England have announced from the housetons that it is not only proper, but necessary, in these days of shy hachelors and brave bachslor girls, that a girl shall ask a man to marry her.

Very well, then—pass the hemlock! But how shall she do it?

Shall she say
"Harrold, darling, will you make me

Shall she say
"Harold, darling, will you make me
the happiest woman in the world?
"Will you let these hands lift the
burdens of life from your fair young
shoulders and scatter your pathway
with roses?
"Will you let

with roses?

"Will you let me support you in the style to which you have never been accustomed, and provide you with that inxurious background which your lovely and exotic personality demands?

"Will you let me buy you monogrammed clearets and all-sile hose and a racing our and new your cub dues."

a racing car, and pay your club dues and your poker debts? Will you give me the right to pro-t you from wild women and design-flappers and unscrupulous chorus

"Will you give me the right to pull the hair of any weman who dares to stare at you or tries to lure you to wicked pink teas?
"Say yes, dear heart, and I promise you shall never have to lift your languid hand—not even to hook my 'back-' less' evening gowns!"
Ridiculous?

Ridiculous?

Not at all! When you invite a man to dine with you, you furnish the dinner, don't you? When you invite him to a dance, you furnish the lights and the music and the flowers and the

Then, when you invite him to marry you, why shouldn't you furnish the aparment and pay the bills and the income tax?

Or perhaps you might go to him with a "reference" and say.
"I see that you are lonely, Mr. Lochinvar. What you need is a home, and a housekeeper somebody to take care of you. Let me be you cook, valet and femme de chambre. I will take the lob in exchange for my board and clothes, and pin money. No washing, and Thursdays and Saturdays off!"

Or, just by chance, you may be one of thoice advanced. "I-wouldn't-touch-a-man's-money" young persons, who believe in the soul marriage—and the "fifty-fifty" economic and domestic arrangement.

How would you "plend your cause" Because, when you make an offer of marriage, you simply must have something to offer.

And a kins has not yet been recognized as a medium of exchange.

Pesar, dear! It looks us though we should have the right to go right on blindfolding them, and hypnotizing them, and backing them think it was all their own idea, doesn't it?

What's the use of being an "advanced" girl anyway—as long as men insiat on being aberiginal, and mid-Victorian, and all that.

WHO'S WHO

IN THE DAY'S NEWS



In 1991 he became general superintendent of the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus railroad and held that berth two years. He was general superintendent of the Long Island failroad when England reached across the seas and asked him to become general manager of the Great Eastern railroad of England. That was in 1916, The appentance of the Great Eastern railroad of England. That was in 1916, The appentance of commons. Many attacked the selection because Thornton was an "alien."

But when Lord Kitchener, at the outbreak of the war, summoned English railroad heads together and ordered them to prepare their railroads for movement of troops in 66 hours Thornton proved his worth. He reported to Ritchener in 48 hours that the roads were set to handle all troops to be moved.

This work earned him the title of colonel. The title of brigadier-general was later conferred upon him because the British government "appreciated his exceptionally efficient work as director of the channel transports."

The "frozen north" is today an exlioded myth. It was exploded recently
by Vihialmur Stefannsen, the Arcle
explorer, at the winter camp dinner of
he Camp Fire Club of America, New
ork, in an address in which Mr. Stefnomen stated that the future meat
narket of the world would be the far
orth. He asserted that within a few
ears the northern portion of Alaska
mould be producing and supporting aproxim tely 5,000,000 reindeer to take
he place of the world's vanishing suplived beef.

Something Unique For Swimming Days



Potato Pancakes—Wash and then pare and grate eight medium-sized notatoes. Place in a mixing bowl and then add two onlons, grated, one and one-half teaspons of salt, two cups of flour, one level tablespoon of baking powder, two well-beaten eggs, three-quarters cup of milk.

Beat to mix and then drop by the spoonful in a frying pan containing moking hot fat. Turn, cooking them ike fritters.

Cherry Sponge—Prepare a package of chorry gelatin and when chid and beginning to set whip, using a Dovar egg-beater. Beat until the mixture is white and thick and then rinse a mold with cold water and pour in the sponge. Set on ice to chill for three hours. Serve with Caledonian cream, which is made from white of one egg, one-half glass of jelly. Fudge Cookies—Four eggs, four cups brown sugar, six cups flour (before sift-ing), one cup shortening (butter or lard), one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon of cream fartar, one ta-blespoon vanilla.

Gingercake—Place in a mixing bowl yolk of one egg, three-quarters cup of New Orleans molasses, seven table-apons of baking powder, one cup of milk or water, one teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinuamon, one-half teaspoon of allspice.

Beat to mix and then bake in well-

BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JOHNNIE'S SPRING.

(Copyright, 1929, by McClure News-BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

March the twenty-first is spring.
The little birds begin to sing.
"Why do they call the ending of winter spring" asked Johnnie, who was the sort of a squirrel boy wanting to know many things. "Why do they call it spring."

many things. Why do they call it spring? Because, answered the old rabbit gentleman, at this time of the year, starting tomorrow, so many things take a spring, or a jump. Winter starts to jump back to the North role, where it belongs. Summer starts springing up from the south. The sap, or jule, in the trees and shrubs starts springing up from the roots, where it has been all winter, the flowers start springing up from under the ground. Everything begins to spring, and so they call itspring.

apring."
"I see." said Johnnie, and then he began putting on his jacket and cap.
"Where are you going?" asked his

began putting on his jacket and cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"I am going out in the woods and look for spring." answered Johanie. "I may not be able to see the sap springing in the trees, the way it dripped out when Uncle Wiggly and I made leide candy for the party, but perhaps I can see the ire cracking off some spring of water, or something like that. Lam going to the weeds to look for spring."

"And I'll come with you." said Uncle Wiggliy I am tired of winter. I shall be very glid to see spring again.

As Billle had to go to the eight and nine cent store for his mother, to get a cake of some for the wash board, who was going to have a parly with the tub and clothes pine on Monday, Uncle Wiggliy and Johnnie went off by themselves.

Then they looked at the sun, to see if it might be springing up from the south. Well, the sun was there, but it moved so slowly, or seemed to move, that really they could not tell whether or not it was helping spring to come.

"If I could find a bubbling spring of water I would be pretty sure winter had gone," said Uncle Wigglly, "That will be the easiest to look for, Johnnie, Let's look for a bubbling spring, If we find one that isn't frozen it will be a good sign. "All right," answered Johnnie. So he and Uncle Wiggliy began searching for the spring in the woods. It was not very cold, and there was only a little white layer of snow here and there on the dried leaves of the forest.

All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggliy was climbing down a little hill, thinking he might find some bubbling water at the bottom, he heard Johnnie calling to him. The squirrel boy had wandered off a little way.

"Tye found it!" chattered Johnnie. "Tye found the spring, Uncle Wiggliy!" "Well, I hope he doesn't fall in the wa-

"Oh. you can't fail in this spring," answered the squirrel boy.
"What does he mean? Can't fall in that spring? You can fall into any spring it it isn't frozen:" went on Mr. Lourears, hurrying toward Johnnie.
And, us he approached the little squirrel boy Uncle Winglis saw him looking at something arnid a pile of dried leaves, where Johnnie had scraped away the snow.

where Johnnie had scraped away the snow.

'Is the spring there, Johnnie?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

'Yea right here: I've found it." cried Johnnie in delight.

"Where? I don't see any bubbling water," exclaimed Mr. Longears, as he came up and looked down over Johnnie's shoulder.

"There," said the squirrel boy, pointing to some tiny pink and white flowers that were growing under the leaves and snow.

'You said when flowers began to push up from the ground that was a spring."

'So it is, Johnnie, so it is, "said the old gentleman, with a happy look on his face. 'You have really found the first sign of spring—the traiting arbutus, the mayflower or ground laurel. That, around here at least, is a sure sign of spring, and yoy have found it?"

'Is that better than an unfrozen spring of water." asked Billle

'Much better," said Uncle Wiggily, and as they each picked some of the svect, tender blossoms there sounded a growl on the other side of the. and as they each picked some of the sweet, tender blossoms there sounded a growl on the other side of the path, and there stood the bad old fox. "What fire you doing in my woods?" gurgled the fox. "dust looking for spring." gently answered Uncle Wiggily. "And we found it." said Billie, holding out some of the trailing arbutus blossoms. "Don't you want a sniff Mr. Fox."

Now the bad fox had been going to Now the bad for had been going to nibble some souse off Uncle Wiggily's cars, but when the unpleasant creature saw the first real right of spring, and thought of the gladsome summer coming, the fox felt so—so different that he may a long sigh, dropped his tail between his hind legs and walked away, not hurting Uncle Wiggily or Johnnie at all. So, you see, it's a good thing the saultrel boy found the spring.

And if the egg deesn't jump outside its shell and try to go off playing by itself, with the coccanut cake to keep it company. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Billie's boots.

Household Hints

BY MRS. MARY MORTON To Clean Stove-Rub off all grease

For Chapped Face and Hands—Try using plain sweet cream. There is nothing better. When hands and arms get chapped from hanging clothes outdoors run on a little sweet cream. The burning stops almost immediately. In a short while they are as smooth as the finest hands. This is harmless and mothers will find this a great help for tables delicate faces.

To Bleach leads to the first hands of the first leads of the

Traffic Waits; Actress Hobbies



The sands would be our dreaded foe. The hungry bear and mesquite. Who merrily and contentedly sing. As our the marble courts of a king. er into the polish. Rub on with a cibth and let to become a little dry, then rub with dry cloth and your stove will shine I much prefer Marischine cherries.

Woman Desires To Travel and Relax

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: For 15 years I have made an almost superhuman effort to live up to the social activities that are necessary to my husband in his business. Now I feel that I have earned a rest and I want your advice on how to spend my year's leave of absence.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

(Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syn-dicate, Inc.)

Not so frequent in usuage but none the less lovely and possessing of a good deal of poetic charm is Imogene. The name has no definite history and stymologists find it difficult to account for it, but the generally accepted theory is that it is another form of the Imagina which is found in Germany in early, times

is that it is another form of the Imagina which is found in Germany in early times.

There was an Imagina of Limburg in 1400 and various other instances of the use of the name by German wamen. How England secured the name of Imagins to gest a special of the same and the warm of the "Irene" company, recently set a new fad in New York when she went "joyriding" on Fifth avenue astride a new fad in New York when she went "joyriding" on Fifth avenue astride a hobby horse run by pedaling. She wended her way along the street for several blocks.

IN RESPONSE.

(To Sir Thomas Moore's "Fly to the Desert."

By JOSEPHINE LEE.

Fly to the desert? Fly with thee? But tents are far too rough for me. Love in a desert, I do not doubt is sweeter far than a throne without. The rougks are rough, and rising there I'll wear thisties in my bair. Without jazz music, I'd leve you less There is n't much "pep" in a wilderness. The sands would be our dreaded foe, The hungry beap and mosquito.

Note to readers: Is there a fact control of the part in sure of the properties of the imagina which is found in Germany in early times.

The sands would be our dreaded foe, The hungry beap and mosquito.

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Note to readers: Is there a fact con-

Note to readers: Is there a fact con-cerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivation and signifi-cance? Do you know your likely day and your lucky jewel? If not, Midred Marshall wil tell you.? Send self-addressed and stamped en-velops with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

TENNESSEE WINS.

The squirrel boy had wandered off a little way.

The squirrel boy had wandered off a short while they are as smooth as the finest hands. This is harmless and short while they are as smooth as the finest hands. This is harmless and mothers will find this a great help for lables. Thought the old gentleman rabbit. "It would be just like him to do it and then he'd tell me he toppled in to see if it were frozen. Being sufficiently bleached in to see if it were frozen. Becareful, Billie!" called Uncle Wiggily. "Don't fall in the spring."

Then fare the well, my sultan strong. It couldn't stand the Sahara long. Next time, please sir, use yolir wits, a giri, nowadays, prefers the Ritz.

Nut Cookies—Two eggs. one cup brown sugar, one cup chopped nut meats, whiles of eggs beaten until still of our time of the university of tennessee affirmative definites thands. This is harmless and short wind the sahara long. Next time, please sir, use yolir wits, a giri, nowadays, prefers the Ritz.

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Nut Cookies—Two eggs. One cup brown sugar, one cup chopped nut meats, whiles of eggs beaten until still proven sugar, one cup chopped nut meats, while salt. Drop from salt in the spring. The fall in the spring them.

O I do not wish to trave! abroad, and I care little for the noise and congestion of city life. As I am only 38 years old and conjustion of city life. As I am only 38 years old and conjustion of city life. As I am only 38 years old and conjustion of city life. As I am only a conjustion of city life. I see that a conjustion of city and care my me on the trip, and really I am not sorry, as he cannot survive without excellent meals, good hotels, etc. Would it be impossible for me to find some quiet place where I might be of use to young people, especially boys and girls?

You write as if your finances are good. If so, why not select a quiet spot in the Tennesse hills and settle yourself with a cook, good library and plenty of food. Mingle with the simple mountain folk and, to prevent them being suspicious of you, tell them that you have come out there to live because of your nerves. You will meet some smbitlous boy or girl and It will be your comfort and privilege to assist with his or her education.

your comfort and privilege to assist with his or her education.

Dear Mes. Thompson—it is with deep regret that I write this letter, but I can stand my daughter's ways ne longer. Probably you can help me "straighten her out" and suggest how I may compel her to share her part of the expenses of our flat. When my husband died, it was because of the bills that my child had charged at the various shops. Trying to pay them brought on ne vous prostration, and after, his death I used his insurance to complete the payments. A small amount of fugniture was left us, and with this i furnished a comfortable flat. My daughter and I both secured positions, and or a time all went well, until Bettina began spending her earnings on clothes and letting the butcher and milkman walt. I remonstrated in vain and then worked myself into a nervous wreck trying to meet the bills. Things have gone from had to worse. What would you do? She refuses to share seven a portion of the home up-keep or the housework. MRS, S. M. Sublease the flat and furniture and then secure board-and room for your-self and daughter. Divide the expenses half and half and insist-upon her giving you a certain portion of her salary each week. A woman who works should not attempt to keep housey as the responsibility is too great.

the responsibility is too great.

Doar Mrs. Thompson—I am a very ordinary girl who has made a success out of herself, and I want your advice about a matter dear to my heart. My employer is a wonderful man with unusual brains, and he has asked me to marry him. I love no one and scarcely think that I ever will. In view of this fact, have I'a right to marry the man, provided, of course, that I tell him just how matters stand? I have never allowed my heart to run ahead of my brains. Perhaps this is the reason I am considered cool and level-headed.

Marry the man if you care to. First tell him exactly how you feel. It may be that love will come to you. I sincerely hope that it will.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am In love with a girl who has a twin sister. Almost every time I go to see her, her sister comes in and pretends she is the other girl, and sometimes I become so confused that I am almost mad. Think of there being two women who are outwardly alike, but inwardly though one of them is the sweetest thing in the world and the other is not. I tell you it is awful and when I think of my approaching wedding day I almost loss proaching wedding day I almost heart. What if I should marry wrong one? And how can I learn to tell them apart?

If you are unable to detect the difference between the girl you love and her sister, you must not be very particular. And in that tase I would suggest that you postpone your marriage until you are better satisfied as to their identities,

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a war bride and my husband left me five wocks after we were married. There is a 10 months' old baby now, and I have 19 cents and no job at the present. I did work for a large concern in the city, but the men there found out I was a widow and annoyed me so that I thought It best to leave. Help me if possible.

Call Hemlock 2459-J, or appeal to "Mother" Yeager at the Salvatfon Army, 28 North-Samerville street. Remember your baby's future and make member your baby's future and make an effort. We will help you.

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY. A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL.

A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL.

It is hard to acknowledge even to one's self that there really are mothers and fathers who neglect their children for such things as bride parties, dances, and other social engagements. One would like to think that such things happen only in the movies, but now and then it is forcibly brought home that such things are happening in real life. There are cunning, mischievous and pathetic little kiddles who scarcely know their fathers and mothers and what is worse, these parents do not know their children.

Little golden-haired Lucy is one of

their fathers and mothers and what is worse, these parents do not know their children.

Little golden-haired Lucy is one of these poor little rich girls. Both her very swest young mother and handsome father would be quite indigmant and surprised if anyone so much as suggested that they neglected their small daughter. Did she not hive, the very best of everything? Was she not sent to the very best school? Was she not given the best food and clothes and every toy she ever wanted?

Yes, it can not be denied she had all of that, but Lucy is a quaint little girl and all of her luxuries do not make her happy. She craves the love and companionship of her parents, not merely their protection. She is like so many of the modern youngsters cheated out of many of the good old-maniened things and no amount of luxuries can make up the loss.

If Lucy had lived a generation ago when families sat about the bearth in the evening and mother read aloud or father told stories or everybody played games or popped corn, or when folks cook wairs on Sunday, or went on plenies in the woods she would have been the happiest and most contented child imaginable. Her picuics are always at some noisy amusement park. Her Sunday outnings are always taken in an automobile and usually end up at an inn where the family of grownups enjoy the meal and poor Lucy grows restless with nothing to 40. And her everybody else goes out for a good time. verybody else goes out for a good

Lucy loves Miss Nancy because she reads to her and tells her stories by the hour. It was Miss Nancy who told us about Lucy and when she told us she said she hoped Lucy's father would read all about his "poor child" if we printed it.

grinted it.

Frinaus that poor child's parents de not, know," said Miss Nancy. "Perhaps they think Lucy is really happy, but if they could see her cuddle up to me and est in pathetic tones with tears almost filling ut her pretty eyes if my father and mother left me all alone all the time like her dadly and mother do, if they could just see he then I know they would refuse some of their dinner invitations and spend at least one night a week visiting with and entertaining their own daughter."

Sefore his death Theodore Rooseved said: There are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in the Salvation Army an invaluable social asset, a force for good which works effectively in those dark regions, where, save for this force, only evil is powerful."

BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus Copyright, 1920, by International News Service.









LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Guess Bond Thieves Never Eat Onions





SUMPIN' LL HAVE





JOE'S CAR-Cheer Up, Joe; Electricity Is Cheaper Than Gasoline

OH - ABOUT TH MIDDLE

OF AUGUST -- IF I

LET'S SEE NOW - CASEY WILL ! PROBABLY PAY ME FOR TH'CAR IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, AN' IF SORDER A NEW ONE NOW I'LL GET IT ABOUT TH' TIME IF



MIR. JINKS TALKING -- YES -YOU RECALL THAT I SAID ID LET YOU SELL ME ONE OF YOUR "TINKLE TOURING" CARS? WELL HERE & AM -- AND WHEN CAN YOU DELIVER IT?





